

Lucky You by **retoxification**

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Summary:

All that Billy really wants in life is his hot boyfriend to fuck him until he can't think.

That's it, that's the plot.

Lucky You

Author's Note:

I had this sitting in my drafts for ages and it really has no place in my WIP so please enjoy 3600~ words of just pure filth.

Billy's had a rough day.

Like, the kind of day from hell that Satan *himself* specifically concocted up to fuck with Billy.

So, yeah, he can't really be blamed when all he wants to do is fuck around with his boyfriend until his brain goes numb and he can't think.

Steve certainly doesn't seem to mind when he gets pushed down onto his bed and straddled, has no complaints when Billy presses their mouths together hard and fast.

Soon enough, the tension in Billy's shoulders starts to loosen and he feels himself relaxing. When Steve kisses him, he does it so thoroughly and carefully, like he's trying to pull Billy apart, like he wants Billy to lose his mind.

His breath hitches and he swears he can feel all of his blood rushing towards his dick, where he's growing harder by the second.

He traces a hand along Steve's side and holds on as he rolls on to his back, pulling Steve on top of him. Like this, he can feel the other boys hard cock pressed up against his through the thin material of his sweat pants.

It doesn't take long before Steve really gets worked up- he's started a slow grind of his hips against Billy's, his cheeks and throat are flushed, and he's letting out the sweetest, little gasps against Billy's mouth as they make-out.

It's great, it's *perfect*, like it always is, but Billy wants something more this time.

Billy pulls away from the kiss, ducks in close and nips his earlobe.

"I think you should fuck me," he grins when he hears Steve's answering moan.

They haven't gone that far yet. While Billy had been on the giving side of things a couple of times with previous partners back in California, this will be a new experience for them both.

"Hmm, yeah. You want that, don't you?" He snakes his hand down and slips it into Steve's pants, pleased to find he's not wearing underwear. He wraps his hand loosely around his cock, more of a tease than anything, jacks him a couple times, the barely-there touch making Steve whine in his throat.

"You're so big, babe. Fuckin' huge dick, bet you know how to use it, huh?"

Billy listens to Steve moan again, high pitched enough that it's bordering on whining, "You're gonna make me feel so good, aren't you? Gonna fuck me nice and hard, yeah?" He pulls Steve back in for another kiss, doesn't stop teasing him with his hand. "It's gonna be tighter than anything you've ever felt, sweetheart. You're never gonna wanna fuck anyone else again. God, I can't wait to have you in me, you're gonna ruin me."

Steve pulls away from Billy, gets enough distance so he can work on getting his shirt off.

"You gotta stop talking, or else nobody's getting fucked," Steve pants out, pupils blown wide and cheeks blushing and *oh, fuck*, ain't that a sight for sore eyes.

Billy reaches out to run an appreciative hand over Steve's flank, "You're so fucking hot, sweetheart. Want me to ride you or you wanna hit it from behind?"

Steve groans and leans down to grab a kiss.

"I thought I told you to stop talking?"

"Just figuring out logistics, baby. Now tell me, how do you want

me?”

Steve's eyes are slightly glazed as he looks down at Billy, "Like this, I want you like this."

Billy knows he's not going to last long, not with a position that's this intimate. Not when he's going to have Steve's face so close to his, not with them breathing each other in the whole time.

He nods anyway.

"Yeah, yeah it can be like this." He kisses Steve once more before pushing him far back enough that he can pull off his clothes. Steve watches him get undressed before yanking off his sweats, staring as Billy stretches on his back.

"You wanna grab the lube?"

Steve nods, leans over and digs around in his nightstand. It takes a second before he pulls it out, looks at Billy questioningly.

Billy grins at him and spreads his legs open a little more, an invitation.

"You're gonna use that to get your fingers wet and work me open. Gonna have to get me nice and stretched, won't be able to fit that big dick in otherwise."

"Fuck, I know I told you no more talking." Steve reaches a hand down to squeeze the base of his cock, trying to get his libido under control.

"Sorry, baby," Billy grins, he's not sorry at all. Not even remotely close.

He lets Steve take his time stretching him open, knowing it's going to hurt if he doesn't. While he does like some bite with his sex, Steve has a WMD below the belt that's all too capable of doing some serious damage.

Steve's got four fingers in him that he's thrusting in deep, he's looking down where they're moving in and out of Billy, like he can't

quite believe this is happening. The stretch of it, the slight burn, is new and novel and has Billy blushing from the apple of his cheeks down to his nipples.

The feeling of Steve's fingers moving in and out of him, carefully, the slight drag of them, preparing him for something bigger, prepping him for his cock, is getting Billy a little too close to the edge.

Billy squirms back a bit, panting, his face and chest warm and pink. "Fuck me now, get your dick wet and fuck me, please," he knows he's begging, hopes it makes Steve move faster. He's more than ready to get this show on the road.

Steve stills above him and visibly swallows. He gently pulls out his fingers and strokes Billy's inner thigh when he lets out a noise of discomfort. Keeping one hand on Billy, Steve leans back to grab the abandoned bottle of lube from the end of the bed.

Steve looks like a wreck, always does whenever they mess around. When their eyes meet, Steve grins, smooths the hand he has on Billy's thigh upwards til he reaches his cock, "You ready for me, Hargrove?"

Billy laughs, teases him with a roll of his hips, "Baby, I was born ready," his grin widens when Steve groans at the cheesy line.

He watches as Steve flips open the cap of the lube and squirts a generous amount of it on his fingers before stroking his dick.

Billy takes his fill in of the view, admiring his boyfriend and how good he looks like this. Feels so hot and desperate, watching Steve touch himself, hearing the squelching sound of lube, watching the flushed pink fat head of his cock slip through slim fingers. Billy's enraptured with the sight of pre-come beading at the head and watching Steve stroke over it and dragging it down his shaft.

Steve always gets so wet for him, always makes a mess.

"Baby, baby- fuck," Billy can't help himself, wants to feel Steve in him right the fuck *now*. "C'mon, fuck me," he begs, stretching himself out like a cat, knows how good he looks like this.

Steve looks down at him and closes his eyes, like he can't handle the

sight of Billy all stretched out for him. Legs splayed open and hard cock curved up over his belly.

Giving the base of his cock another squeeze, Steve leans down, bracing himself on his forearm above Billy, ducks his head in for another slow, dirty kiss.

He fucks Billy's mouth with his tongue, slow and deep, a teasing precursor for what's going to happen next.

Billy's just beginning to lose himself in the wet, slick slide of their mouths when he feels the blunt head of Steve's cock pressing against his hole.

He has to fight himself from holding his breath in anticipation. He's wanted this for so long with Steve, before they even got together, and he can't believe he finally gets to have it.

He's desperate for this kind of intimacy with Steve, for them to be as close together as they can.

He wants to give Steve a part of himself that nobody's ever had before.

He gasps when Steve finally pushes forward, feeling the burn as his body stretches open.

One hand flies up into Steve's thick hair, griping tight, while the other is tangled in the bed sheets, anchoring himself.

Steve buries his face in his throat and Billy can hear the choked sounds coming from the other boy.

"How's it feel, sweetheart?" Billy asks, his voice wrecked and barely audible. He frees his hand from Steve's hair to run it over his back, gently tracing his muscles. He enjoys feeling the flex of them, feeling Steve's tenuous hold on his self-control, fighting himself so he doesn't just fuck as hard and as fast as he can into Billy.

Even though that's what Billy really wants.

Wants Steve to lose that control he holds on to so tightly and to just

take what he wants, what he needs, from Billy's body.

He can feel every single inch of Steve's cock that slowly, carefully, penetrates him, driving him out of his goddamned mind.

He loses some patience and ends up crossing his ankles behind Steve's back, just above the curve of his ass, and uses the leverage to 'help' his boyfriend along.

Billy lets out a low groan when he feels Steve bottom out, feels the warm press of his thighs against the back of his.

They're so close, so wound up in each other, it's steals his breath away.

"Jesus Christ, you're so fucking tight around me, wanna stay here forever" Steve whispers against his throat, low and so fucking filthy. "Feels so good I'm gonna *die*."

Billy laughs at the ridiculous, dramatic declaration, but his laugh turns into a moan once he feels Steve start moving, feels the hard, steady thrust of his hips.

He can't help the whimper that comes out of him when Steve's nails his prostate. "Fuck, I knew you would be so good for me, baby," and he hears the low whine in Steve's throat.

"C'mon fuck me harder, fuck me like you hate me," he whispers it into Steve's ear, the soft tone of his voice is a jarring contrast to the words coming out of his mouth.

He just wants Steve to take him hard and fast, like he wants Billy so bad he can't even think of anything else.

He feels Steve shake his head, "I can't, I can't do that to you," Billy feels the words, more than hears them, being whispered against his throat.

He probably should've known that line wouldn't work on Steve, his baby's way too much of a romantic.

"Then fuck me like you never want me to leave."

and that gets him the reaction he's looking for.

Steve's hips pick up the pace, and it feels like he's going impossibly deep, like he's trying to carve out a space for himself inside Billy's body.

"Fu-ck," Billy can't think beyond the feeling of Steve's cock splitting him open, how he feels like he's splitting apart at the seams.

He's completely lost to the feeling of Steve moving in him, hard and fast, like he's trying to own him. He breath feels sticky wet, like it's caught in his lungs, like he can't breathe properly anymore.

He feels Steve move away from his throat, Billy knows there's going to be a line of bruises there, and he loves it, he loves the feeling of the soft, wet heat of Steve's tongue and lips and the sharp bite of his teeth against one of the most vulnerable spots on his body.

Then Steve's talking, telling him how good he feels, how perfect this is, and he almost misses it, too blissed out to register anything but the dirty, filthy noises of their bodies moving together and the feeling of Steve taking him apart so fucking good.

His cock is so hard that he's leaking all over his belly, the head smearing pre-come along his abs with every jolt caused by the hard thrusts of Steve's hips.

He's about to reach down to stroke himself, he needs to come so bad it hurts, but Steve beats him to the punch.

He feels his boyfriend wrap a hand around him and start pulling him off in time with his thrusts. It's so mind numbingly good, he's never had anyone make him go crazy like this.

Ultimately, what pushes him over the edge is the soft kiss pressed against the pulse in his throat and a well-timed thrust that hits his prostate.

When he comes, it feels like his whole body is a supernova. He feels it curling outward toward his finger tips and toes, feels it behind his eyes, all his nerves alight.

It's a full body experience, one that he's never felt before.

He thinks he might've stopped breathing from how hard he came, but slowly, eventually, he starts coming back down from the high, still feels Steve moving inside of him.

When he cracks his eyes back open he watches as his boyfriend raises his come-covered hand to his mouth and proceeds to lick off the mess.

It's so fucking hot that Billy is going to fucking *die*, he can't handle it.

Feels his cock twitch valiantly, trying to get hard again, despite how hard he just came.

Steve looks like he's close to coming as well, his face and chest flushed red, he's fucking into Billy more quickly, more desperately, chasing his own orgasm.

"You gonna come for me, baby?" Billy asks, lifting a hand to tangle his fingers into Steve's hair, "You gonna fill me up?"

Steve groans, loudly, nods, "Fuck, I'm so fucking close, Billy,"

"C'mon, baby, give it to me," and he clenches hard around Steve, causing him to shout out, and then, all Billy can really feel is the warm, wet heat of Steve's come inside of him. Feels his boyfriend's cock swell and pulse inside of him, filling him with his release.

Billy is so glad they decided to forgo condoms, can't imagine not being able to feel this.

Steve leans in and kisses him, slow and soft and deep. Pushing his tongue in Billy's mouth, kissing him like he owns him now. Billy can taste his come on Steve's tongue, feels the familiar heat of arousal licking down his spine.

Eventually, Steve starts to soften and he pulls out of the warmth of his body, and with that, Billy can feel the slow trickle of come starting to leak out.

Billy knows that Steve will go a couple days without getting off,

saving it so he can make a filthy mess of Billy's face, abs, or thighs. Sometimes all three if they're both amped up enough, hot enough, for it.

This time, though, the mess is *in him* and isn't that a delight?

"I'm a fuckin' mess, babe," he says, laughing a bit breathlessly. He spreads his legs a bit more and slips a hand downward, fingers himself a little, nice and slow, feeling how open and wet he is from Steve. He smiles at the appreciative moan coming from his boyfriend, enjoys the indulgent act of touching himself like this, still feeling loose and high from his orgasm.

"Well, guess I gotta clean you up then, huh?" Steve's voice is low and teasing, Billy figures the other boy is just going to get a washcloth and call it a day.

He should know better though- Steve's never done that before, so why would he start now?

Instead, he watches as his boyfriend scoots down the bed until his head is between Billy's thighs. He presses a soft kiss to the delicate, pale skin before pushing his legs back, almost pressing Billy's knees to his chest.

"Hold them here, yeah?"

and Billy nods, grabbing under his knees and pulling his legs as far back as he can. His heart is thundering in his chest, wondering if Steve's about to do what he's suggesting.

His just-spent cock is already filling up again at the idea of Steve's kiss-bruised mouth touching him down there, pressing against his swollen, wet hole.

A strangled groan crawls its way up and out of his throat at the first touch of Steve's tongue to his rim. Feels the gentle *lick, lick* sensation of his tongue, around and over his hole.

It's an addictive combination of relaxing and arousing. The feeling of being taken care of, like this, is almost too much for him to handle. It feels so dirty, so animalistic, but he *fucking loves it*.

Then, he feels the press of Steve's tongue breaching him, and he almost loses it there. Steve holding him open and fucking him with his tongue is enough to make his brain melt.

Billy gets worked up even faster this time, panting heavily and his cock aching, he doesn't want this to end but he feels like he's going to lose his mind if Steve keeps going. Like he will go crazy from the pleasure of it.

He ends up letting go of his legs, so he can grab at the bed sheets. He feels Steve wrap his hands around his thighs, like he's trying to keep him in place.

Like Billy would ever try to move. Can't get enough of the sensation of Steve cleaning himself out of Billy.

The prickliness of facial hair on Steve's jaw rubbing against his inner thighs adds the perfect amount of *bite* to the sweet sensation of being eaten out. Billy thinks about how sensitive and pink he'll feel down there tomorrow.

His cock kicks up against his belly at the idea.

He can feel the way Steve's mouth is moving, trying to get his tongue deeper into Billy. Fuck him with it faster, harder.

He swears he can hear, can feel, Steve swallowing.

Billy knows he's whimpering, close to full on crying at this point, can't get over the feeling of Steve's pretty face between his thighs.

He's so close, so *fucking close*, but he needs a bit more to get over the edge.

"Baby, I need to come, please, please let me come," he's barely aware of what he's saying, thinks it sounds like he swallowed gravel, probably would be embarrassed if he wasn't so out of his mind right now.

He feels Steve start to pull away, whines about it and gets a soft nip on his thigh for his troubles, followed up with a kiss.

"I'm sorry, baby, I got you," Steve murmurs, pressing a soft kiss on Billy's stomach and then another.

"Goddamn, just look at you," Steve says it so quietly, reverently, like Billy isn't supposed to be hearing him sound so worshipful.

But he does hear, can't help but ask, "Yeah?"

Steve's eyes flick up to meet his, "Yeah baby, you're so perfect, fucking gorgeous."

Billy knows he's blushing, hasn't been able to get used to the compliments Steve throws his way.

He feels Steve's hands run up and down the ladder of his ribs, watches as he gazes at him in appreciation.

Billy watches as Steve kisses his way down his body, starting at the base of his throat and ending right at his cock. Billy gasps when he feels himself get swallowed by the wet heat of Steve's mouth. He struggles not to thrust, the sensation is too perfect, but he wants Steve to run the show right now.

Maybe he's acting a little spoiled, but he wants Steve to take care of him, even though he doesn't make it easy for Billy.

Watching the slide of his cock in and out of his boyfriend's mouth, spit slick and shiny, is too much for him. Watching him lick and kiss along the vein has Billy whining and pressing his head into the pillow, struggling for self control.

Luckily, Steve isn't in a teasing mood and soon focuses on getting Billy off. It doesn't take long, the attention paid to the head and the sensitive skin underneath gets him off lightening quick.

The combination of sensation, Steve's hot mouth and wicked tongue, and the thought of his boyfriend tonguing his hole and swallowing his own come results in another mind-numbing orgasm.

The pleasure of it is laced with sweet-sharp edge of over-sensitivity. Having already blown his load once, he's a bit shocked with how much he's able to come again.

He watches hazily as Steve keeps his lips wrapped around the head of his cock while he works him through his release.

When he's finally spent, Steve lets go and moves his way up Billy's body to kiss him on the mouth. He's shocked, for a second, when he feels Steve feeding him his own come, warm and salty, but shock turns to arousal rather quickly, and he swallows down whatever Steve gives him.

They stay like that for a while, the deep, dirty kissing they started with melts down to something sweet, mostly soft sighs and gentle presses of bruised lips.

When they separate, Billy cups Steve's face, sneaks in another kiss, says "You're so fucking perfect, I love you."

He gets an easy, soft smile in response.

"Yeah baby, I love you too."

and Billy really can't get over how much he loves him; how much he wants him. How Steve never fails to keep on surprising him,

Steve looks at him with a suspicious glint in his eye. "Think you'll be good to go another round after a power nap?"

Billy groans, "You've already milked me dry, sweetheart."

Steve laughs and presses a kiss to his throat. "I think you're good for at least one more time." He says, while sneaking a hand down and cupping Billy's cock and balls, like he can really assess how many times Billy can go in a day.

Billy gasps and feels like his whole body twitches in response, he's so sensitive now. "Baby, you're gonna kill me like this."

Steve just kisses him again, then laughs, "Lucky you."

Billy kisses him back, and whispers, "Yeah, lucky me."